

# **EXHIBIT B**

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

In re Terrorist Attacks on September 11, 2001	03 MDL 1570 (GBD) (FM) ECF Case
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This document relates to:

*Ashton et al. v. al Qaeda Islamic Army, et al.*, 02-cv-6977 (GBD)(SN)

*Bauer et al. v. al Qaeda Islamic Army, et al.*, 02-cv-7236 (GBD)(SN)

**AFFIDAVIT OF DAYNA SPORDONE**

DAYNA SPORDONE, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am the stepdaughter of Milton Bustillo, one of the victims who died at the World Trade Center as a result of the September 11, 2001 terror attacks.

2. Milton came into my life when I was only 3 years old. He and my mother, Laura Bustillo, met at Cantor Fitzgerald where they were both working at the time. Although I was very young, I remember when he moved into the apartment my mother and I shared in 1998. Even though I was uncertain about how to react to having to share my mother with someone, I quickly came to understand that Milton was a kind, caring man who loved my mother and wanted to care for me.

3. Milton brought with him an entire tribe of a family. My mother's family was very small and when we gathered before Milton came into our lives there would only be 3 or 4 of us. Milton included my mother and I into his family even before he moved in with us, and there were always casual gatherings with no less than 10 or 12 people at their events. At Christmas, the family celebrations included dozens and dozens of people and a gift giving ceremony that took an hour. I had never seen a Christmas tree with so many presents underneath it. With Milton I also gained dozens of new cousins and a grandmother, someone I never had in my life.



I always felt happy to be able to see her, as she always had a smile on her face and spoke lovingly to me in Spanish.

4. When Milton moved in with us, he became the family chef. He loved to cook and bake and he taught me to love it as well. I relished the time I got to spend with him as he explained what every ingredient was for and what it would do to the food. He dreamed of one day becoming a pastry chef and repeatedly told me that he wanted us to have a shop where we could bake and create delicious custard tarts and banana ice cream together. Since Milton loved to cook and was exceptional at it, he always wanted to join my mother and I on food shopping trips. Whenever we would lose him in a store, he would whistle and we would find him again. To this day, the sound of a whistle brings a sadness to my heart.

5. Shortly after Milton moved in with my mother and I, it became certain to me that I had a real and true father. He loved and cared for me just as my friends' fathers loved and cared for them. He helped me with my schoolwork, read to me and taught me to draw and paint. He was an exceptional artist, and his sketchbook is where I put some of my first drawings. He exposed me to music and had volumes and volumes of CDs that I played over and over while I was a teenager to help me visualize my memories of him and the life we had together. When my school held a Father Daughter Valentine's Day Dance and I asked him to come with me, I could tell that he felt proud and honored. I can still remember how handsome he looked as he dressed up for our father-daughter date.

6. In the Fall of 2000 my mother was pregnant with my sister Alessandra and she began to experience complications that required her to stop working and get bed rest until it was time for her to deliver the baby. Milton jumped in and took over my care right away. He got me up the morning and ready for school, and made sure that I ate breakfast before I went. He



always told me that it was very important to pay attention in school and do all of my work. I admired and respected him so I made sure that I listened to him and worked hard. At the end of the day, Milton would come pick me up from the after-school program and we would go home and make dinner for our family. Although my mother was not feeling her best, these were happy days for me because Milton and I grew closer together. When it was time for me to go to classes at the local hospital about what it would be like to have a new baby in the house, Milton made sure that I attended and he went with me when my mother was unable to go. When my sister was born in January 2001, I was very excited to prove that I would be a great sister to her.

7. In the summer before he was killed, Milton and my mother told me that they had found a house to buy in New Jersey that would let us live close to what I now considered to be our wonderful, large family, and where we could find a location for his long-dreamt of pastry shop to come to life. I was very excited and could not wait for us to move to a home that had a backyard where I could play with my cousins. My mother and Milton also told me that they were going to get married and they wanted the day of their wedding to be on my 7<sup>th</sup> birthday, August 12, 2001 to show me how important I was in their lives. Being too young to appreciate the significance of their choice, I was nevertheless very excited to know that I would very soon have an “official” father in addition to a “real” one.

8. The perfect family life I had grown to love was completely shattered three weeks later when Milton was murdered at the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. I was only 7 years old, but I remember vividly the image of my mother slumped over a wooden kitchen table screaming and crying. This memory continues to haunt me to this day whenever I think about Milton, or the 9/11 terror attacks, or the anniversary of the attacks begins to creep up on the calendar. It is the first thing I think about whenever a holiday approaches, and it is often the last



thing I think about at night when sleep refuses to come, or the nightmares about Milton being incased in ice and me being unable to reach him tear my heart wide open again. I remember a crush of people in our apartment crying and moaning when there was hope Milton was only missing, and I thought I heard a whistle. I was so sure this was Milton letting me know he was okay. When I went back to school, it was as if the life I was leading before ceased to exist. It was impossible for me to process what was happening in my life and why my mother was unable to get out of bed. In pain, I banged my head against the grates of the cafeteria as I waited to get food so someone would notice that I was very, very sad and in pain. I kicked my classmates and took my anger out on my teachers as well. When I went home, things never improved – my infant sister with special needs just cried and cried, and my mother could not care for her or me as all she could do was cry and cry. When I grew into my teenage years, I turned to cutting myself as a way to release the indescribable physical and emotional I struggled with every day. My mother sent me for grief counseling for many years, but the pain and anguish I have felt since the 9/11 terror attacks remains unchanged.

9. Over time, the Bustillo tribe slowly moved away from us. Milton was the glue that held us all together, and he was gone. Meetings with my grandmother and cousins became a memorial where my mother would cry out in anguish and I would stand and watch. She and I would go to events for broken families like ours, and she would cry and I would stand and watch. Every year on the anniversary of the attacks, we would be reminded of what we lost – not only the wonderful man who was my one and only true father, but the life we had begun to build with his family. My mother would cry and cry and I would stand and watch.

10. Somewhere in the procession of years and the months and months of gifts and memorial services and compassionate words shared with us by people trying to console us, I took

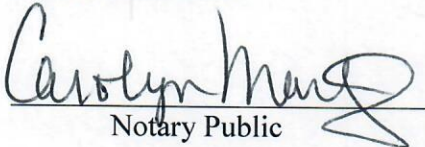
everything I had from my life with Milton and put it in a cabinet in my room that I keep closed to this day. I grieve today, not only for Milton and our life as a family, but for the loss of my mother. Although she is alive, she no longer lives life and instead she wakes up every day to a life of constant stress and struggle trying to cope with and manager my sister's disabilities, before she closes her eyes at night while sleep eludes her. Then she wakes up the next day and repeats the pattern all over. I think about how our lives might have turned out differently if Milton was still here to father and guide all of us. My life has been forever altered and changed.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Dated: December 27, 2019

  
DAYNA SPORDONE

Sworn to me this 27 day  
of December 2019.

  
Notary Public

**CAROLYN MARTINEZ**  
Notary Public, State of New York  
No. 01MA6084613  
Qualified in New York County  
Commission Expires: December 9, 2022